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THE OLD MORALITY.

We have never been willing to separate art from ethics, or to admit that the one might be independent of the other. To our thinking, any art which ignores moral considerations, and still more any art which flouts them as antagonistic to the freedom of expression, is rotten at the core, however fair its external showing. There is, no doubt, a counterfeit *bourgeois* morality of expediency and deference to irrational convention which is fair game for the artist, and which he does well to expose in all its hypocrisy. But it is equally fair game for the serious moralist also, who has no greater concern than to make clear the distinction between gold and brummagem. In whatever medium the artist work, he is bound to be sincere, and whoever is occupied with the artistic expression of life is insincere if he does not recognize the preponderating importance of conduct — Matthew Arnold's three-fourths, or something like that fraction. Morality has been defined as the nature of things; and this definition, as profoundly true as it is searching, belongs with no less exactness to art. Now there can be no self-contradiction in the nature of things, and the antinomies of the philosophers are nothing more than so many hurdles or bunkers, artificial impediments to thought, which cannot permanently arrest its progress.

The sociologist has a good deal to say about the relativity of morals, and delights to show us how practices which we hold in abhorrence may be viewed as sacred rites or duties by other peoples. But there is no reason why these contrasts should make us any less tenacious of what we believe to be the rightful principles of conduct, or weaken our faith in the moral law which has come to us as the precious filtrate of Hebraic and Hellenic and Christian teaching. We are bound to view the startling instances adduced — whether from Thugs or Mormons — as perversions of morality and as opposed to the interests of civilization. We are bound to do this, that is, unless we hold civilization itself to be a delusion and a mockery, and Christendom to rest upon no surer a foundation than quicksand. If we really do "count the gray barbarian lower than the Christian

child," we must have the courage of our convictions, and stoutly rally to the defence of the tried old moralities whenever they are assailed. It is possible that they would lose much of their substance if viewed *sub specie æternitatis*, but for the temporal conditions under which we perforce must journey from the cradle to the grave they are the most weighty of realities.

There is in the trend of modern literature much that is disturbing to those who persist in the old-fashioned habit of viewing its course through moral spectacles. It is not merely that the reaction against hypocrisy has gone so far that reticence has ceased to be a virtue; that is an excess which brings its own cure with the disgust which it ultimately creates, for few readers care to wallow indefinitely in the trough of Zolaism. It is rather that all the old principles of conduct are assailed in the name of a frantic individualism, sometimes in set terms of repudiation, but more often by methods of subtle indirection which unconsciously affect the judgment, and dispose it to condone offences which, stripped of their romantic trappings, would be revolting to the moral sense. The novelist's favorite subject for this sophistical treatment is, of course, the sex relation in all its variety of complicated phases, and no irregularity of conduct between men and women escapes being so obscured by sentiment that it becomes impossible to view the fundamental moral situation in distinct outline. Desertion and divorce, seduction and adultery, are all bedaubed with the same brush, to such an extent that the bewildered reader rubs his eyes, and wonders if the writer has any clear notions of right and wrong, or if the concept of sin has ever had a definite part in his thinking. What are grandiosely called "the rights of the soul" become a mantle to cover all the wrongs of the sense, and the proverb *peccato di carne non è peccato* is implicitly assumed to be one of the primary truths of human nature.

It was this Italian saying, flippantly invoked as an adequate argument against the advocates of such old-fashioned ideals as chastity and fidelity, that only the other day caused "The Spectator" to condemn in sweeping terms the tendencies exhibited by one of the ablest of its monthly contemporaries. The charge of "dumping garbage upon the nation's doorstep" was doubtless too heated to be judicial, and the monthly in question countered effectively by printing a list of its contributors — a list which was seen to include most of the names of eminence among the English writers of to-day. But this reply did not wholly dispose of the accusation, because among these writers, even among the most brilliant of them, there are some whom every reader knows to have done his best, whether in that monthly or elsewhere, to undermine the props of the social order in the matter of the sex relation, as well as in many other matters. This is done speciously, and in the name of some utopian reconstruction of society planned in a superficially attractive design which does not get much farther than an exhibit of glittering generalities; but it is nevertheless the underlying aim, and we usually feel, in reading the outpourings of this sort of devil's advocacy, that the writers would go much farther if they dared. Fortunately, there are yet some limits to the daring of "advanced thinkers" who use the English language, although there seem to be none that interfere with the freedom of their Continental fellow-sappers of the social structure.

Professor Bascom, in an article contributed to the last issue of THE DIAL, makes a temperate statement of the case which seems to us to embody the last word of wisdom upon the whole subject. His specific case is that of Mary Wollstonecraft, and he says:

> "A reasonable estimate of fine personal qualities may call for leniency but cannot hide the social danger. This danger is one of constant recurrence, with every degree of debasement, and cannot be thrust aside. No matter in what way we put and answer personal questions, they do not cover the ground. The social problem remains as the chief consideration. . . . The social element is the most comprehensive and immediately powerful, the individual element the most conspicuous and qualitative. . . . It belongs to the individual to see what is good, and to pursue it under the conditions assigned by society. . . . The fatal miscarriage in the case before us — and it was fatal — lay in the supposition that in independence in the pursuit of good was found the law of life. Not so; we are bound to the law of obedience and suffering in the community, bearing with us the better opinion."

It is this "better opinion," which no man may lightly contemn, that gives us the touchstone wherewith to test all new substitutes for old principles. The freedom which is demanded with so much vehemence by the modern school of individualist writers is almost invariably the freedom to wrong someone else. The only freedom that is salutary and really desirable is that which is found in joyous submission to spiritual law. This is the truth which the wisest of men — from Plato to Goethe — have been preaching to us for more than two thousand years, and the world will work back to it after the present spasm of moral anarchism has demonstrated by exhaustion its own futility and inadequacy.

CASUAL COMMENT.

A MIDSUMMER SUGGESTION TO LIBRARIES may be in order at this time. The dull season of summer is commonly and wisely chosen for the annual overhauling, cleaning, refurbishing, and repairing which all public libraries, their books and appliances, have to undergo in the perpetual endeavor to withstand the ravages of time and dust, of use and disuse and misuse, of noxious fumes from without or within, and of other disintegrating and destructive agencies. College and university libraries especially choose the vacation months for book-dusting and shelf-cleaning, and the muffled bang of the ancient tome, opened to its limit and violently closed again to dislodge the pulverous deposit of the past year, resounds through the deserted alcoves — with an incidental dismemberment of many a venerable volume whose leather binding has been gradually crumbling to the point where none but the reverential touch of the bibliophile can be safely undergone, but where, protected from the profane hands of the cleaner, the book is still good for many years of such service as it is likely to see. The suggestion is that all libraries adopt the method already employed by not a few — that of vacuum-cleaning, which, in celerity, thoroughness, and economy, is vastly superior to the old way. If anyone questions this superiority, let him visit the Princeton University Library and examine the results there achieved by the vacuum process. In fact, almost any well-administered large library can furnish a demonstration.

* * *

THE SHORT ROAD TO A LEARNED DEGREE seems to be open to all who can pay the toll. Of course, rapid transit costs money; the cannon-ball express calls for a much greater outlay than the accommodation train. And yet the fake colleges and mushroom universities that offer to fit you up with a degree while you wait, turn out the parchments at a very reasonable rate, celerity and range of selection being considered. One correspondence school, for instance, offers on reasonable terms to decorate the applicant with any one or more of the following combinations of letters: B.S., B.A., Ph.D., LL.B., M.S., M.A., LL.M., LL.D., D.D., Litt.D., D.C.L., Sc.D. The United States Bureau of Education, through its recently-created Division of Higher Education, under the control of Dr. K. C. Babcock, is bringing to light some queer and interesting institutions whose chief if not only functions seem to be the receiving of fees and the issuing of diplomas. Among American universities little known but covering an astonishing range of human knowledge with a remarkably small faculty or teaching force, we read of one glorying in the splendid name of Oriental University, and having its Occidental seat on Dominion Heights in the environs of Washington, D. C. That its professors are broadly educated becomes apparent when one finds the same chair responsible for tuition in such various subjects as odontology, bacteriology, psychotherapy, materia medica, French, and South American Indian languages; still another entrusted with theologic symbolics, philology, and Old English law; and a third charged with Oriental languages, theomonism, missions, German and Oriental philosophy, and international law. Why spend four weary years at Harvard or Yale or Columbia when in the twinkling of a bedpost one can become a Bachelor of Theologic Symbolics, or a Master of Theomonism, or a Doctor of South American Indian Languages?

* * *

MARYLAND AUTHORS of more than local fame make a list that would reflect credit on any State. Dr. Henry E. Shepherd of Baltimore has found pleasant recreation for himself and has provided matter of interest to the reading public in a small book that he has just written, entitled "Representative Authors of Maryland," and published by the Whitehall Publishing Company of New York. A few of the more prominent names may here be noted from Dr. Shepherd's pages. Poe, for whom he has a loyal Southerner's admiration, he is confident has secured "an abiding place such as no other American has ever attained or even approached." Lanier rightly receives a tribute of praise second only to that paid to Poe. James R. Randall, whom we commonly think of as a one-poem poet, is given rather disproportionate space in the book. "My Maryland" is the one production of his that the world is likely to remember. Other Maryland writers, some of them now almost forgotten, are John P. Kennedy, George Henry Miles, Anne Crane Seemuller (once famous for her "Emily Chester" and "Opportunity," two novels published in the sixties), Eugene L. Didier, Miss Katherine Pearson Woods, whose "Metzerott, Shoemaker" is still read and enjoyed, Richard Malcolm Johnston, Father Tabb, of fragrant memory, and Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith, artist, engineer, and author, who began to write unusually late in life, but soon became the most successful of Maryland authors. Dr. Osler, Professor Gildersleeve, and President Gilman are among the eminent scholars who have enriched the more serious literature of this historic old commonwealth.

* * *

STEVENSON AND THE HOUSE OF LORDS came into collision (without serious injury to either of the colliding bodies, although with some indirect discomfiture to Stevenson) in the early years of R. L. S.; and in view of the present world-wide interest in the declining prestige of the peers, it may be timely to recall the circumstances attending the youthful writer's assault upon their hereditary rights. Mr. Charles Baxter sends to the London "Daily Mail" the following explanation of the initials "L. J. R." that were used in the dedication to "Treasure Island" to indicate a certain society of a secret and mysterious nature. "As I am the last survivor of that small band which was composed of R. L. S., his cousin R. A. M. Stevenson, James

Walter Ferrier — who died young, affectionately commemorated by Stevenson in prose and by Henley in verse — and two others, I absolve myself from the oaths of secrecy and decline to inflict upon myself the necessary torture consequent upon my betrayal. The initials signify Liberty, Justice, Reverence. The 'constitution,' drafted by me and wholeheartedly accepted by Stevenson (we were still in our 'teens), included among other important objects, under the first head, 'the abolition of the hereditary privileges of the House of Lords,' a phrase which occasionally raised stumbling blocks in impassioned orations. I remember as if it were yesterday Stevenson's agonized face as he came to me with the news that his father had come across the draft — it never went farther. The discovery was the occasion of one of the most painful of the scenes between father and son."

* * *

A GOOD PIECE OF ANTHEM-MENDING, executed by Dean Hole and sanctioned by King George, gives to the English nation a welcome substitute for the rather jingoistic and by no means poetically admirable stanza of their national hymn:

"O Lord our God, arise,
Scatter his enemies,
And make them fall;
Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks;
On Him our hopes we fix.
Oh, save us all!"

For these fire-breathing rhymes the eminent Dean offers the following more peaceful and, as a contribution to literature, far more excellent verses:

"O Lord our God, arise,
Scatter his enemies,
Make wars to cease.
Keep us from plague and dearth,
Turn Thou our woes to mirth,
And over all the earth
Let there be peace!"

The royal sanction insures the adoption of the substitute stanza; and thus will be hastened, if never so little, the coming of that universal peace which at present is the object of so much of the world's best thought and striving. * * *

THE SUPERLATIVE FUTILITY OF JEAN GIRAUDOUX, who has for us something more of interest than many of his fellow-authors of France by reason of his having fitted himself in part at Harvard for the life of letters he seems to be now successfully leading, is amusingly dwelt upon and illustrated by Mr. Alvan F. Sanborn in a Paris letter to the Boston "Transcript." His books seem thus far to have defied or escaped translation into English, and therefore Mr. Sanborn's samples in the vernacular are the more welcome. "*L'Ecole des Indifférents*" is the title of his latest work, and its style is likened by the critic to the tenuous fabric which, he has been told, someone has succeeded in weaving out of spiders' webs. The book "is ostensibly divided into three narratives, but the nominal heroes of these three narratives (Jacques the Egoist, Don Manuel the Indolent, Bernard the Weak) are, in reality, but three manifestations of the same personality" — the author himself. Some sentences and phrases are translated for our benefit. The pout of a little girl is "the froth of her smile," and the smile of another character is "a wearied, lonesome, scarcely fluttering smile nailed to the visage, like a wounded swallow to the door of a grange." Don Manuel the Indolent avers that "just as soon as we do not hate a woman, our happiness obliges us to confess to her the fact, and from that moment there is no longer a secret at the heart of our love to sustain it as the stone in the fruit sustains the fruit. Then everything that is furtive and uncertain, emotion in the presence of an attenuated gesture, hope and fervor, all the tumult of tenderness, vanish." Is it not a little early in the century for this exquisite perfection of decadence?

* * *

THE LITERATURE OF THE OCEAN LINER — not the literature *about*, but the literature *on* (in a literal sense) the Atlantic greyhound — must have struck many a reflective and observant deck-walker as leaving something to be desired in the way of substantiality and worth. To be sure, the ship's library is commonly well-stocked with the classics of two or more nations, in fiction at least; but the paper-covered supplements to this supply which the passengers themselves provide, and whose fluttering leaves on many a steamer-chair reveal their lightness of quality, indicate a frivolity in the reader's mood that would strike dismay to the soul of any conscientious librarian interested in the great question "What do the people read?" and laboriously striving to elevate the standard of that reading. Here, in sooth, is work cut out for our travelling-library officers, — to persuade the travelling public to turn to better literary account the golden hours of leisure available to all who make the European tour. One could read up, in outline at least, the whole history of Europe on the way thither, or learn, for colloquial purposes, the more common phrases and idioms of the language spoken in the country or countries one is about to visit. With a preliminary reading of Mr. Arnold Bennett's little manuals on the economy of time and of mental energy, wonders could be accomplished in self-culture on an ocean voyage.

* * *

AN AMERICAN GIRL AT THE COURT OF NAPOLEON III. tells in letters some of her more amusing or more memorable experiences, and the August "Harper's Magazine" begins the publication of these letters. The writer, known at the time the letters were written as Mrs. Charles Moulton, famous for her singing and for her personal charm, is now the wife of the Danish minister to Germany. The fun and laughter that she contrived to find even in the stiffness and formality of court functions make her letters unusually good reading. The incident of the vain diplomat and his patent-leather shoes, and the dinner-table talk with Théophile

Gautier which brought out a French proverb with a double pun, and the eight-ball croquet game ("nothing is so dreadful as a game of croquet with eight people, four of whom are beginners") with the Emperor and Empress, the Prince and Princess Metternich, and other notabilities, furnish some pages of highly entertaining matter. But what we wish here to note with especial approval is the high-spirited young writer's frank disapproval of that stupid as well as brutal performance, a *chasse à tir*. "It was a dreadful sight! How I hate it! I am sure I shall not sleep for a week, for I shall always see the forms and faces of those quivering, dying creatures in my dreams. I never will go to a *chasse* again. And the worst was when they had frightened the birds and animals into a sort of circle, where they could not escape; the butchery was awful. They said there were 3,800 pieces. Prince Metternich alone shot 1,200. How happy I was when it was all over and I could get away from these horrors and miserable sport!"

• • •

A SINGULAR PROTEST FROM ALBEMARLE STREET sends its echoes to our shores. The historic London publishing house situated in that street strenuously objects to the clause of the proposed copyright bill which entitles the new Welsh National Library to claim, if it chooses, a copy of every new book published. It is true this privilege is already enjoyed by five other libraries of the United Kingdom, and the free gift of six copies of very expensive works may reasonably be considered a not negligible drain on a publisher's resources. But the gain in an advertising way, through the publicity thus secured for the publisher's wares, cannot fail in the long run to offset, and more than offset, the expense incurred. The Albemarle Street protest has been taken up by a few other publishers, and letters to the press are the result. It may be that poor Wales is too little given to book-buying to make probable any handsome return from this compulsory gift to its National Library. Even so, however, there are other obvious considerations that might make a public-spirited publisher think twice before begrudging the proposed benefaction to Welsh readers.

• • •

THE NEW ENGLAND OF MISS ALCOTT serves Mrs. Katherine Fullerton Gerould as inspiring theme for a very readable article in the August "Atlantic Monthly." She seems to have been prompted to write by the rather surprising confession of a schoolgirl friend that she, the friend, could never enjoy our New England favorite because her characters were so underbred. To Mrs. Fullerton, on the other hand, "Miss Alcott seemed the safe inheritance, the absolutely inevitable delight, of childhood. 'Little Women' was as universal as 'Hamlet.' I remember perfectly that French playmates of mine had loved '*Les Quatre Filles du Docteur March*' (though the French edition was probably somewhat expurgated)." Expurgating Miss Alcott, however, would be like painting the lily or gilding refined gold. Adaptation or abbreviation she may have undergone at the hands of her French translator; hardly expurgation. The unsympathetic reader mentioned must have been of Southern birth or breeding. Many a lover of our Concord and Cambridge and Boston authors has had sorrowful occasion to note the lack of enthusiasm with which a Virginian or a Marylander or a Georgian may at times hear the names of the New Englander's literary idols, as may also the denizen of Fifth Avenue. It is the old story of the mutually antipathetic aristocracies — of brains, birth, and wealth.

• • •

THIS YEAR'S LOUBAT PRIZE goes, by decree of the Royal Prussian Academy of Science, to Professor Albert Bernhardt Faust, head of the German department at Cornhill University. This prize, of three thousand marks, established in 1889 by Mr. Joseph F. Loubat of New York, is bestowed every five years upon the author of some meritorious work on American history or American archæology, the two subjects alternating in their claims for recognition. Ten years ago Mr. James Ford Rhodes was thus honored in consideration of the excellence of his "History of the United States from the Compromise of 1850." This year it is Professor Faust's scholarly work on "The German Element in the United States" that wins the prize. As a natural result of the award, the book is soon to be issued in a German edition by a leading Leipzig publisher.

• • •

GOVERNMENT RECOGNITION OF A NOVELIST'S MERITS has taken the substantial shape of a hundred-pound annual pension to Mr. Joseph Conrad. Poets and scientists and other writers of highly meritorious but not rapidly salable books have from time immemorial been the grateful recipients of royal or public bounty; but for a producer of fiction, popular and commercially successful fiction, to be thus subsidized in the heyday of his literary activity, is something unprecedented. Yet it is expressly "in consideration of his merits as a writer of fiction" that Mr. Conrad is thus helped to make both ends meet, and, as one must surmise, considerably overlap. To him that hath shall be given.

• • •

GERMAN DISLOYALTY TO THE CAUSE OF GREEK is to be noted, with surprise and sorrow on the part of many, in the recent decision to drop the language of Plato and Demosthenes from the list of required gymnasium studies. English is substituted. How long now before Latin will give way to, let us say, Italian or Russian, or some other commercially useful language? Greek studies will continue to be pursued in Germany, and it is even possible that the making of such studies entirely voluntary will prove advantageous to genuine Greek scholarship. But no longer will the German university man be, almost as a matter of course, an accomplished classical student; and the humanizing influence of Hellenic studies will necessarily suffer considerable restriction.

The New Books.

Saunterings among Summer Islands.*

However excellent the patriotic advice to "see your own country first" before journeying abroad, there is no reason why one should not enjoy Europe in books before making the acquaintance of every principal city and highest mountain and longest river in this land of magnificent distances and unrealized possibilities. And among the books that present scenes and characters pleasantly in contrast with the comparative rawness, the lack of atmosphere, the hustling youthfulness, of our country, Mr. J. E. Crawford Flitch's "Mediterranean Moods" deserves honorable mention. Wandering fancy-free among the islands of the Balearic group and through Sardinia, he makes his foreign sojourn something more than a mere change of clime. For, as he says, "the wise traveller comes not to conquer a country, but to be conquered by it. His only tactic should be that of masterly inactivity. He arranges nothing. He takes no thought of the train he shall catch on the morrow." Letting the spirit of his temporary halting-place, the *genius loci*, as one likes to call it, exert its inspiring influence on him, the author has succeeded in making his pages breathe the atmosphere of those sleepy but romantic and picturesque old seaports dozing in the sunshine of the Mediterranean and lapped by its waters. The charm that lures him, however, has much of the fortuitous and evanescent in its character. Its capture in the first instance, and its recapture for book-writing purposes, are no simple matters. As he remarks in his preface,—

"The circumstances which determine these perfect moments are themselves indeterminable. All that is certain is that they are wholly fortuitous. And sometimes they are so minute that many overlook them. The high mood hangs upon a hint, an echo, a nothing. The rhythm of a woman's walk in the midst of a crowd, and it is upon you — a song heard in the night, music coming out of the open window of a lamp-lit room, a light burning over water, a boat running into harbour, the shape of an ancient vase, a glass of wine, a jewel in the ear. . . ."

It is the beautiful as it appeals to him, without regard to conventional principles of æsthetics or accepted canons of art, that delights and makes eloquent this frankly pleasure-seeking wanderer. After speaking admiringly of the surprisingly beautiful Lonja (misprinted "Longa" under the illustration) or Exchange building of Palma de Mallorca, and of the finely-proportioned cathedral of the same hispanicized Moorish town, he makes the following frank confession of hedonistic faith:

"As a man grows older and a little more tired of the chatter about art, I think he brings to the gustation of any object of beauty a less intellectual and a more purely physical discernment. He no longer comes in order to purify his taste or to correct his judgment of this or the other school. He has lost the keenness of youth for great argument about art (perhaps because he has found out the true value of the lying Q. E. D.s), and has become that thing that youth abhors — the unashamed hedonist. He acquires the holiday-making, even the tripping, frame of mind; he is frankly out for sensuous enjoyment. As he looks with his eyes, his spirit is put to sleep; the mind forgets whatever learning it has pillaged from æsthetic lumber-rooms; the eye itself is passive, and appears to perceive without reporting any articulate messages to the brain; only the body is awake and alert. He uncovers his five naked senses, and only asks of art that she shall gratify them or as many of them as she can touch. And art responds so generously to this ingenuous appeal that she gives herself to him as she never gives herself to the cold analyst who uses her only for purposes of dissection."

The right spirit, this, for a vacation saunterer, although on the very next page we find him hunting for a principle that shall explain the peculiar beauty and impressiveness of the interior of Palma's cathedral. His interpretation of the matter is as follows:

"I have found the great beauty of the cathedral in that most difficult triumph of the architect's art, the exquisite manipulation of space. The secret of its construction is that the architect has thrown a canopy of stone over the greatest possible area with the least possible expenditure of material. Too often in a Gothic cathedral the tyranny of material robs the eye of its enjoyment; there is a kind of exhibition of brute strength, which is imposing but fatiguing, as if a giant were straining to support a superhuman burden. But here the effort is concealed. The pillars leap upwards with a lightness, almost with a gaiety, which communicates that delight which we feel in a difficult thing easily accomplished. The difficult art which the architect of Palma's cathedral has mastered is to know how to carve out of the void a certain definite body of space which you can perceive and enjoy; for it is only by circumscribing space that you can appreciate it. In the rough quadrangle outside the cathedral, formed by a miscellaneous grouping of buildings, although the sky is illimitably far above you, there is no sense of largeness; but go inside, and although the roof, not two hundred feet above your head, shuts out the infinity of the sky, you are conscious of moving more freely in a more ample atmosphere."

The people of these Mediterranean islands, no less than their buildings and other inanimate objects of interest, charm this generously appreciative visitor. Various dances of the islanders, of both sexes, are described in vivid terms which

*Mediterranean Moods. Footnotes of Travel in the Islands of Mallorca, Menorca, Ibiza, and Sardinia. By J. E. Crawford Flitch, M.A. With illustrations and maps. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

make the reader see the rapidly moving forms and hear the castanets. After picturing a terpsichorean performance of the youths and maidens of Ibiza, on a smooth stretch of ocean beach, to the primitive music of a wooden pipe and a small drum, the writer thus concludes:

"There was not the beauty of grace, but the beauty of strength and agility in their movements. A shade more violence, and their dancing would have become a romp; but the fierceness which always seemed to be warming to some dangerous explosion was kept from trespass by a careful restraint. I think that a man who has seen dancing at sunset by the sea and among mountains will never afterwards have much content in a ballroom. The pure air, the unimprisoned space, the trembling light upon the water, unlock a happier and profounder fund of emotions. Something elemental and infinitely remote enters into the exhilaration of the dancers; they have recaptured a spirit which seems more proper to the sunlit early days of the world. Their personal life is merged in the universal life of Nature, and their bodies are renewed by the ancient energies of the earth and the sea. And yet the emotion which is thus set free does not lose itself in an animal riot, because there is a traditional mould prepared for it to flow into, a controlling measure and impulse to which the limbs have moved for centuries."

Even the beggars, in their picturesque rags, have a grace and dignity of their own in these Mediterranean lands. They can enter their fine old cathedrals and there comport themselves as if conscious of a part-ownership in the architectural grandeurs around and above them. The poor, in the midst of their frankly unconcealed squalor, seem to fit harmoniously into the scheme of things. The light-hearted penury of the humbler denizens of Cagliari, the picturesquely-situated capital of Sardinia, is quite another thing from the grinding poverty of our own slum quarters. If it be permissible to portray, with unshrinking realism, the unpoetic details of the daily life of the Italian poor, it could not be better done than by our author.

"Here, as in all Italian towns, the poor defeat the *tedium vitæ* by an interested contemplation of each other's privacy. Here the age of innocence is still uncorrupted by any modern notions of propriety. It is not felt that there are any details of person or toilette which it is necessary to conceal. The rooms of the ground-floor, whether bedrooms or sitting-rooms — and commonly they are both in one — gape upon the street, and the street gapes back upon them. You are invited to scrutinise the bed that is never made and the meal that is never cleared away. All the business of the household — the cooking, washing, scrubbing, the paring of potatoes, the suckling of infants, the sewing of undergarments — are conducted in public. The children crawl about the threshold with a strict economy of clothing. The men sleep upon the floor, and in their waking intervals approve or criticise the activities of the women. Family concerns of great delicacy are disputed with eloquence and anger. Every household appears to be in the throes of a domestic crisis. . . . Above all this scene of superabundant vitality flutters an array of brilliant and tattered linen, which gives the street the air of being perpetually *en fête*."

This "sudden surprising vision of the animal basis of life" cannot fail to impress the English traveller, accustomed as he is at home to what he calls "a silent conspiracy to deny the existence of one-half of the facts of life."

A passage of interest to the language-student, and recalling the times of British dominion in Menorca, occurs in the description of Puerto Mahon.

"When you see the urchins of the port playing at knuckle-bones in the gutter and hear them call out '*knur-kle*,' it is not the English word that at first sounds strangely, but the unfamiliar accent. Many are the English words embedded in the Menorquin dialect. Because the English sailor called for his liquor in a bottle or a mug, the fisherman of Mahon still orders his *botil* or *moch* of wine. *Mitjamen*, the name for the *guardia marina*, does not present a very English character in print, but it is merely 'midshipman' disguised. And a curious reminder of the periods both of the English and the French occupation exists in the idiomatic expression for a handful of people, *cuatre jans y un boy* — four Jeans and a boy."

In singular opposition to Mr. Flitch's theory that foreign travel should be something more than a changing of one's latitude and longitude, — that it should be, in short, a complete transformation of one's inveterate habits of mind and body, — is his cherished custom of carrying with him a certain quantity of China tea and a volume of English prose. His selection of home-made reading matter on this occasion was a strange one—Gibbon's "Decline and Fall" in seven substantial volumes. He had once been told by "a certain professor" that a person who had not read Gibbon was still fundamentally uneducated; hence the burdening of himself with the voluminous history, which however we can still hope and believe he postponed reading until his return to his own fireside.

Mr. Flitch's well-written and well-printed book is also well illustrated, having a colored frontispiece from a drawing by Mr. G. Biasi, and thirty-two reproductions of photographs, many if not all of them, we infer, from the author's camera. Two good maps complete the work.

PERCY F. BICKNELL.

"THE WORLD'S WORK" is the latest magazine to adopt the new system of magazine binding which does away with the awkward wire stitch and enables the magazine to be opened easily and laid down flat like a well-bound book. Another point in favor of the new way of binding is that it enables the reader to extract very easily any articles which he may wish to preserve, as there is no stitching or wire in the binding.

The Sophists of our Day.*

Mr. Archibald Henderson has one claim upon the respect of American lovers of letters — namely, that he has for a good while devoted much time and thought and energy to the office of a critic of the highest order. He has tried to make known in America what he deems the best that is being thought and written in the world. Being attracted by one or another of the "world figures" of the literature of our time, he has applied himself to a study of their works, has tried to settle for himself the characteristics of their contribution to our intellectual life and the value of that contribution. He has done this with high standards and with hard work. He has not picked up one or another author who rose above the surface of cosmopolitan observation and gathered together a little of the gossip as to their life or ideas, for the amusement of those whose aim it is to know what has been going on in the world of letters; he has noted the figures in contemporary literature that seemed most worthy of notice, has got together everything that could be found about them, and has studied each matter carefully in the light of the best ideas of the world at large. He has viewed the critical literature of Europe to find out what was thought by the best judges on the subject, and then he has made up his own presentation. That seems to me an excellent thing to do, merely in itself. I believe there is more or less lacking in Mr. Henderson's equipment as a critic: indeed, he seems to me more of a student than a critic, more successful in unravelling the series of facts in the past and present than in putting his finger on just what is essential or in expressing unmistakably just what people ought to know. But in so far as he tries to take the place of a true critic, and to prepare himself for such a place by severe and earnest study, he has certainly done well.

The results of his study have already come before the public in a more or less ephemeral way in various papers and reviews in France and Germany, as well as in this country; but now a collection of studies gives us a chance to consider his work in a large way and to give an estimate of its value. The volume, which he entitles "Interpreters of Life and the Modern Spirit," contains studies on George Meredith, Oscar Wilde, Maeterlinck, Ibsen, and Bernard Shaw. I do not understand that these essays are reprints of articles already published; indeed, they seem obviously not. They appear to be essays on authors who are particularly selected as standing together, or having something to do with each other, and whom he conveniently groups as "Interpreters of Life."

I shall put on one side the great temptation to combat at length the idea implied in that title, and shall content myself with thinking that these authors are not distinctively interpreters of life, and that they know no more of life than anybody else. I suspect that Mr. Henderson really thinks so too; for he seems to me to leave this matter of interpretation chiefly on the cover of his book, while in the inside he deals with the much more appropriate topic of literature.

The first object of attention, I confess, seems to be against me. "Narrative is nothing," says Meredith, in a quotation on page 11. "It is the mere vehicle of philosophy. The interest is in the idea which the action seems to illustrate." That looks as though Meredith conceived of himself as an interpreter of life; and Mr. Henderson deepens the idea by devoting a section of his essay to "Meredith's conception of the nature of humanity." Still, it is only an appeal to fact (as existent in the mind of any reader) to say that Meredith is not interesting because of any particular view of life. He doubtless had a view of life, as most of us have; and of course he expressed it in his novels, as we express our views in our own words and acts. But he is not especially interesting because of the "idea which the action seems to illustrate." He is interesting because he presents very vital men and women doing things in a very vital way. And his ideas are interesting not because they are illustrated by the actions, as he seems to think himself, but because the ideas (where there are any) are implicit in the action, which is the way we are very apt to get them in life. In other words, Meredith's novels are interesting because they are good novels: as Mr. Henderson points out, they have a peculiar kind of action, and they are expressed in a peculiar kind of language. But this action and this language, when one gets used to it, prove a stimulus rather than a drawback, so that we have a feeling of pleasure and exhilaration on reading Meredith that we should not otherwise have. He was a great artist; and that Mr. Henderson appreciates. But I am sure few remember him as a philosopher.

Far more is this the case with Oscar Wilde. Indeed, in the essay on Wilde there is very little question of interpretation of life. Mr.

*Interpreters of Life and the Modern Spirit. By Archibald Henderson. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

Henderson kindly reminds us that Wilde said himself, "I treated art as the supreme reality, and life as a mere mode of fiction." I would, indeed, go a little farther than Mr. Henderson in this direction. What a singular element in life was the first reading of "Intentions" some twenty years ago! Interpretation it certainly was not; but certainly too it made things seem for the time different from what they had been. Mr. Henderson gives a very interesting account of Oscar Wilde's career, paying rather the most attention to his work in the drama.

It may seem capricious to disagree with Mr. Henderson for emphasizing the philosophy in the case of Meredith, and also for not emphasizing it in the case of Oscar Wilde. I will not do either with the next essay. Maeterlinck is openly a philosopher as well as an artist. But Mr. Henderson deals chiefly with Maeterlinck's drama, and gives a very interesting review of his plays, from the extraordinary "Princess Máleine" down to "The Blue Bird"—a good review, and at the end touched with personal impressions and experience. The essay on Ibsen, also,—the most important, or at least the longest, in the book,—is chiefly a dramatic record. This is a very careful study, with the fundamental notion supplied by Ibsen himself, of the idea of thoroughly consecutive development. Such a study will be peculiarly interesting to many people. Ibsen is perhaps not so interesting to-day as he was once, or as he will be. Still, many will be glad to make more definite the somewhat confused series of impressions that surround his name in their minds. Indeed, this is the case with every essay in the volume. I know of no other book that has so much actual information on the men he writes of. Mr. Henderson is sometimes a little too scintillating for me. He has, I should say, rather too much allusion. But he certainly has much very interesting detail and fact.

These superficial remarks, however, do not make up what seems to me the main point of importance in the work. My chief impression is that Mr. Henderson is so influenced by the idea that Ibsen and the others are interpreters of life, that he fails to treat them as dramatists or novelists. I am sure that he cannot really think they are most important as interpreters of life,—but having always that idea in mind, he never gets very definitely to the actual literary problem. We have heard so much of "art for art's sake," of "mere technique," and so on, that it seems trivial to ask for a view of a novel as a novel, of a play as a play. But it is quite time that people should think of that matter once more.

To mention one or two cases that will serve as general instances: The comedies of Oscar Wilde form an important part of his work. Mr. Henderson's interest is largely in the drama, and we should naturally expect him to give an estimate of them. The main features of those plays are without doubt their dialogue and their satire; such is my recollection, and such seems Mr. Henderson's idea (see pp. 84, 86, 88, 93, 94, 96). But these things are not necessarily dramatic: they might be present in other forms of writings; indeed, they are more noteworthy in "Intentions" than in the comedies. In fact, Mr. Henderson says that Wilde's comedies are resplendent by reason of qualities that have no intrinsic or organic relation to dramatic art, and he takes pains to point out that as far as dramatic technique is concerned Wilde is an imitator of Scribe, and therefore is far behind the times. In such a case, I should suppose the critic would either analyze the character of Wilde's dialogue and satire, and show what was in it, or analyze the dramatic technique and show what was not in it — or else (preferably) do both. An adequate study of Wilde's paradox and satire would go far toward showing what his real hold is on people who disapprove of him. Mr. Henderson quotes (p. 92) a very interesting remark of Professor Hermann Bahr on the subject. That sort of thing would really do something toward giving us an idea of Wilde's "interpretation of life." A study of the dramatic technique, on the other hand, would make us see what was the real weakness of those very attractive pieces of work, and how with all their brilliancy they fail to make the impression upon us that is made by dramas that are really great. But Mr. Henderson's criticism on the subject consists mostly of allusions: he knows about these things, but he does not say what he knows. The result is that there is still place for an essay on Oscar Wilde that will give the essential thing about his comedies, and, indeed, about his art as a whole.

I should like to see a book about Oscar Wilde, or Ibsen, or Bernard Shaw, or any other dramatist, that would not talk around the subject of their dramatic art, but would tell us what it really is. Mr. Henderson says of Ibsen (p. 167): "There can be little doubt that in certain plays the technique displayed is inextricably bound up with the literary genius that devised it." I believe that something of that sort is true about any great writer. He is gen-

erally immensely interested in his technique; and if we insist on being interested in his interpretations of life, we run the risk of not seeing matters as he sees them. As to Ibsen, I gather from Mr. Henderson that he has revolutionized the dramatic technique of Europe. I also gather that his method is fundamentally this: to choose certain typical figures and let the dramatic situations arise from them; to leave out characters that are not significant or necessary to the action; to complicate the motives that are implicit in the action, but to simplify the action itself, as by cutting out minor plots; to make the dialogue more natural by using conversational language, and by leaving soliloquies and asides, and also to make it richer by its significance of implication. Further, his idea is generally to give the present as a development of the past. Such (correct or not) affords a general statement of technique that one can explain and illustrate, or consider and compare; but it is gathered from half a dozen places in Mr. Henderson's book, and perhaps after all does not rightly represent him.

These things are significant of the main defect of Mr. Henderson's presentations. He fails to give us a really definite conception of his subject. He is serious and enthusiastic and appreciative, so that one feels assured that what one is reading is worth while. He avoids the very common faults of being gossipy, or pretentious, or gushing. He is very instructive as he goes along, both biographically and bibliographically; one may learn much from these essays. He is very brilliant, too,—in fact, far too brilliant for me, who am too prone perhaps to detect empty smartness in anything that is not humdrum matter of fact. But somehow I do not get from him very much that is really definite, either on the subject on which he seems to think he is writing, or on the subject on which I presume he really is writing.

EDWARD E. HALE, JR.

A BINOCULAR VIEW OF JAPAN.*

Not often does the public enjoy a better opportunity for a binocular view of Japan than is afforded in the recent appearance of two very diverse studies — the one by an Englishwoman long resident in the Empire, and the other by an English artist who spent a year there painting Japanese gardens. Miss Adam's "Behind the Screens in Japan" is a volume of disillusionment; Mr. Tyndale's "Japan and the Japanese" restores to the Sunrise Kingdom its orient charm and leaves one ready to take up again his Lafcadio Hearn. Which is the true picture of the real Japan? Perhaps, as Dr. Arthur Smith remarks of China, everything that has ever been said of Japan is true. At least, one feels sure that many contradictory experiences of these two writers are soluble in the very complex solvent called human nature, and in that particular yellow vessel of the same solvent that we name the Japanese nation.

Miss Adam writes in a style that gains confidence at the start. She views her subject from the vantage-ground of long and intimate personal acquaintance. Through extended residence and travel among the Japanese, she has accumulated in memory a stock of facts, incidents, conversations, faces, personalities, that come readily to her pen and give to her pages the charm of good talk by one who knows whereof she speaks. From this well-stored memory she has drawn material for definite general views of Japanese character, and these views are very persuasively set forth in the form of incident, portraiture, narrative. Seen through her eyes, the lustrous lacquer of outward appearance peels off the present generation of much-lauded subjects of the Mikado, leaving bare the stuff of which they are composed. Miss Adam's eyes have the faculty of making this inside stuff seem poor and cheap. Their loved Tokio is ugly and dirty; their *train de luxe* from Kobe to the capital is slow and stuffy; the passengers are often vulgar and mean. What did one of these gentlemen do when a demure little woman had stood balancing herself a long while in a corner of the jolting car and no one had shifted his portmanteau to give her a seat? He kindly spread a sheet of newspaper on the floor and motioned her to sit on that — "which she did gratefully." And how did another gentleman, on a freezing night, provide himself with fresh air and yet avoid the danger of a cold? "He waited till his neighbor on the opposite side of the car was fast asleep and snoring, then quietly leaned across his sleeping *vis à vis* and opened *his* window. Next morning one traveller woke refreshed, the other found himself buried under a light snow-drift." When one reads, farther, of a portly gentleman who disrobed completely in the car in the presence of a number of

* BEHIND THE SCREENS IN JAPAN: An Englishwoman's Impressions of Japan. By Evelyn Adam. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

JAPAN AND THE JAPANESE. By Walter Tyndale. Illustrated in color. New York: The Macmillan Co.

foreign ladies and stalked a troublesome flea, one feels that the gold lacquer is gone from a gingerbread article called Japanese courtesy.

Miss Adam is not always so severe as she appears in these incidents. She has a friendly sense of humor, just a little superior, however, to its object. Few things that she views in Japan does she take with perfect seriousness. The beholder always smiles—or nearly always. Some of her comic pictures are charming; as when she describes the Japanese gentleman sauntering down to the hot spring, sitting on the edge of the big sunken tank, cooling one corner of the water with a plank, and then sliding in. He chats with "acquaintances who have begun to boil before him." There may be trouble when he bows farewell. "The outsider can, of course, put in his usual graceful flourishes, but the insider is at a disadvantage; he is almost sure to look like a porpoise about to dive, and if he is not very careful his polite inquiries after the health of his friend may appear only as air bubbles on the surface of the water."

The titles of many of the chapters show the author's attitude to be one of mild half-amused, half-grieved indignation; for instance, "A Little Knowledge Is a Dangerous Thing," "A Nation of Mimics," "Bribery and Corruption," "The Awkward Age." One questions if in the last two chapters in the book — "Some Old-fashioned Virtues" and "Some Reflections"— there is not contained, besides a *résumé* of the subject, also a hint of the source of Miss Adam's rather satirical attitude toward the Japanese. In treating the old-fashioned virtues, she contrasts them with the new-fashioned vices. Has Miss Adam lived too long in the awkward age of transition between the old-fashioned virtues and the new, and may we not hope that this period will be redeemed richly when the new virtues arrive? If the people have two souls — the *nigi-mi-tama*, or gentle spirit, and the *ara-mi-tama*, or rough spirit — may we not expect a victory of the former over the latter? Surely the old-fashioned virtues cannot die and leave no inheritors.

At any rate, it was only the gentle spirit, the *nigi-mi-tama*, that revealed itself to our second writer, Mr. Tyndale. He is a clear-eyed observer, and seems not to have been content to view only the objects before the *shoji* that Miss Adam pried behind; and yet he passed the year in Japan with serene spirits and unruffled temper. Whether because he is an artist and could see only the quaint artistry of Japanese dress, customs, and life, or whether because all Japan loves a lover of gardens, the Empire delighted Mr. Tyndale by the charm and gentleness and other virtues of its people.

The volume is a narrative of the personal experiences of a landscape painter in a residence of a year and travels extending over a large portion of the main island of Japan. Beginning with a glimpse of Moji in the extreme south, the painter takes us through Kobe, Kioto, and on through the places of chief charm, up to Nikko and down again to Atami. He narrates his experiences, portrays many types of men and women he met or observed, comments on the character of the people, combats hostile foreign prejudices, describes the scenes he painted, and (best of all) gives us thirty-two colored reproductions of his own water-colors.

Mr. Tyndale's style is simple and unpretentious; he even slips several times in his grammar. But the impression of his personality conveyed by the account of his year in Japan is altogether pleasing, and the Japanese appear in his pages very human and possessed of their due share of virtues. He exposes certain of the unjust criticisms of the Japanese by foreigners, and gives us a vivid description of the rudeness of certain types of foreigners to Japanese. A landlady at charming Atami had spent hours in decorating her dining-room for the Christmas dinner to be enjoyed by foreigners from Tokio. She had taken special pride in the arrangement of her flower centrepiece. When a handsome young Englishman had twice brushed his forehead against a spray of the plant, he called out to the landlady, "Here, old lady! take this damn thing away!" So if, as Miss Adam feels, many Japanese are insufferably conceited, many Englishmen are insupportably rude.

Thirty-two colored illustrations lend a very unusual charm to this book. They differ widely in excellence, but a number of them are exquisite pictures. The Bozen-kaku garden, the Kiomidzu temple at Kioto with the blossoming Judas-tree before it, do something more than convey one to Japan: they bring one back endowed with an artist's eyes.

O. D. WANNAMAKER.

UNDER the title of "Biographia Epistolaris," Mr. A. Turnbull has edited for the Bohn Library the biographical supplement of Coleridge's "Biographia Literaria," to which he has added a number of other letters. Coleridge's letters have but slowly come to light, but there are more than two hundred of them in the two volumes of this collection.

An Expositor of Unitarianism.*

Recognizing, as they do, the right to differ, members of the Independent or Congregational Churches would not assume to speak with authority of the views of these bodies, yet they cannot refrain from testifying of the light that has been vouchsafed them. It might be expected that Mr. Emerton, as professor of Church History, would indulge in much more history of doctrines than may be found in his recent attempt to state the Unitarian position. In fact, he indulges in very little technical theology, but states in a clear and scholarly manner his view of the distinctive position of Unitarianism: the unitary nature of the universe governed by unchanging law, the dignity and indefinite perfectibility of human nature, the value of the Bible as the unique but wholly fallible religious literature of Judaism and early Christianity, the equally unique and fallible moral leadership of the man Jesus, the repudiation of sacrificial mediatorship and the substitution for it of a conception of progressive redemption by character, the church as the family of the religious-minded, the trust in the future life, the fatherhood of God.

Professor Emerton is writing in part for those persons who have "an unfavorable impression of Unitarians as wicked and dangerous persons not safely to be intrusted with important public or private duties," and therefore rightly points out how the Unitarian standpoint is often the older, the primitive one; or again, how it has developed from older views, still maintaining points of contact. While he does not so insistently emphasize the fact that the views he presents are practically those of the leaders of all the great Christian churches save the Roman Catholic, any so-called orthodox reader of his book may well ask himself, If this is Unitarian belief, why do the Unitarians constitute a separate body? It is because they are not willing to be part of the "large and respectable fraction of the membership in all the 'orthodox' sects that is retained only by sacrifices of sincerity which cannot be made forever with impunity." In setting forth the point of view of the older church, the author is sometimes so sympathetic and so earnest that a reader quite unacquainted with the differences will be misled into thinking that he is reading the author's views rather than those which he is criticizing. But such a misunderstanding will be but for a moment. The style is the usual clear and reasoning discourse of the author of "The Introduction to the Middle Ages"—of the scholar who is perfectly sure of his ground and convinced of the soundness of his position, free from the bitterness of sectarian strife, conscious of essential harmony with the best thought of his time.

Quite in accord with the emphasis and importance given to this branch of Unitarian thought, Mr. Emerton's longest and best chapter is that on the Nature of Man. The Unitarian thought of God was at heart the thought of nearly all great thinkers in all sects before modern Unitarianism arose. But the dignity and worth of human nature, the protest against the doctrine of the fallen and depraved nature of man,—it was this which most distinguished the protests of Priestly, Channing, Emerson, and Parker. It is this standpoint to which all modern Christian churches have come, although thus brought into often unconscious conflict with the traditional creeds and watchwords which stand upon their banners and their shields. On the other hand, Mr. Emerton is less explicit than his inquiring readers may expect on the subject of the nature of God. A "great city daily" recently informed its readers that Unitarians do not believe in a personal God. They could not find the denial of the affirmation of this unwarranted statement in the present volume. Unitarians have learned how greatly the word "personality" is misunderstood, and regarding the nature of God they are cautious about dogmatizing. Most of them are willing to sum up their beliefs in the beautiful poem of Mr. Hosmer, a stanza of which introduces Mr. Emerton's chapter:

> "One thought I have, my ample creed,
> So deep it is and broad,
> And equal to my every need,—
> It is the thought of God."

W. H. Carruth.

*Unitarian Thought. By Ephraim Emerton. New York: The Macmillan Co.

Princess Louisa of Tuscany, who deliberately compromised herself in the eyes of the Saxon Court that she might escape the tyranny that it exercised over the expression of her individuality, has added to her offence against the standards of propriety at Dresden by announcing that she has written the story of the events which led to her sensational escape. It is rumored that the announcement was met by a threat from the court to stop the ex-crown princess' annual allowance of $15,000, but that the lady was not deterred. Messrs. Putnam, who will publish the book in the Fall, say it is not only dramatic but true to the facts on both sides of the long fight which Princess Louisa waged.

Recent Poetry.*

"The Collected Poems of Maurice Baring" are the exhibitions, decorous and restrained, of a sensitive soul, responsive to many aspects of beauty. They give unfailing pleasure, yet they do not greatly stir the emotional deeps. This is one of Mr. Baring's sonnets.

"She listened to the music of the spheres;
We thought she did not hear our happy strings;
Stars diademmed her hair in misty rings,
And all too late we knew those stars were tears.

Without she was a temple of pure snow,
Within were piteous flames of sacrifice;
And underneath the dazzling mask of ice
A heart of swiftest fire was dying slow.

She in herself, as lonely lilies fold
Stiff silver petals over secret gold,
Shielded her passion, and remained afar

From pity. Cast red roses on the pyre!
She that was snow shall rise to Heaven as fire
In the still glory of the morning star."

The greater part of Mr. Baring's collection is given up to longer pieces, mostly dramatic in form. There is a fine "Tristram and Iseult" in five acts, a masque of "Proserpine," two dramatic scenes with the Black Prince for their hero, and a poem dealing with the legend of "Sigurd." From the last named of these we extract the verses, in which the Volsung, on the eve of death in battle, chooses the eternal future that he would fain have for his own.

"I that have battled though my soul despaired,
And loved with love more great, more sad than death,
I that have borne irreparable wrong,
Which ages of bright bliss cannot repair;
I, knowing that the hour of Fate has come,
Would fain at last possess the whole of peace.
Let me be drenched in Death's divinest dew,
Let me be cradled in immensity,
Let me inherit all oblivion
And the impregnable night of the dumb grave,—
The night unvisited by any star,
The sleep unvexed by any wandering dream.
Then shall I be rewarded with the void,
The inviolable darkness and the dust,
The secrecy, the silence, and the sleep
Unbroken by the struggling pangs of morn."

How many a wearied spirit has felt that sleep, after all, is best, and longed, with this poet, for rest in the garden of Proserpine!

"The Little City" of Mr. Wilfred Rowland Childe's fancy is thus described:

"Between the moon and sun,
Far, far beyond the stars,
Where comes not any one,
Nor roll the great world's cars,
With an angel all day through,
That wears a golden crown,
And is robed in red and blue,
I find the Little Town."

It is a pleasant place, but only dreamers find access to it. Mr. Childe's little book of poetical flutterings has many charms, not the least of which is the artful *naïveté* of its expression. The author is at his best in the rapt and quiet mood of such a poem as "Vespers."

"The light is going away from the dear world:
It is all vanished with the sunken sun;
Into long lines of rest the clouds are curled,
And slumber — all but one.

"That, hung up-piled, shines over all its height
With loveliest gold and rose of softened fire,
Borrowing from the west unearthlier light,
As it mounts slowly higher.

"Quickly like a dream the evening
Droops with its dim veils on the silent wood;
A few brown birds make deeper as they sing
The heavenly solitude.

"Ah, blessèd dream! surely I seem to see
How in Her place of light where no wind blows,
Shines in Her glorious virginity
The White and Mystic Rose.

"Alas! the darkness falls upon my vision,
And on the woods it falls, and on the lands;
Yet, though the cities hold it in derision,
The City of Heaven stands."

The gleam of mysticism softly shines upon many of these poems, and their wistful quality makes them very appealing.

In Mr. D. A. Slater's "Æneas," the Virgilian hero thus defends himself against the charge of perfidy to Dido:

"Mother o' mine, thou knowest,
No traitor I, . . . save that I was a man.
But when, ah God, I had given all else to stay
Lapped round with love, my glory forfeited,
Or plunged beneath the foam and passed with her
To some dim bower of rest beyond the strife,
Thy stern, imperious mandate drove me on
Unloved, unresting: still the waste of seas,
The din of battle, hazardous emprise,
Unsatisfying conflict, till our gods
Were stablished in the Westland, and our Troy
Within the Westland found her promised home,
Whence Justice should go forth to rule the world.
. . . Not happines but duty, thine and mine,
Not happiness but patience was the star
To steer by; so we laid the course, for so
From those ten years of travail within Troy
Should spring the centuries of world-wide strength,
Steadfast unshaken strength, the dower of Rome."

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*The Collected Poems of Maurice Baring. New York: The John Lane Co.

The Little City. By Wilfred Rowland Childe. Oxford: B. H. Blackwell.

Æneas, and Other Verses and Versions. By D. A. Slater. London: Henry Frowde.

Poems and Ballads. By Henry De Vere Stacpoole. New York: Duffield & Co.

The Porch of Paradise. By Anna Bunston. London: Herbert & Daniel.

The Voices of the Rivers. By Nina Salaman. Cambridge: Bowes & Bowes.

The New Hesperides, and Other Poems. By Joel Elias Spingarn. New York: The Sturgis & Walton Co.

The House of Orchids, and Other Poems. By George Sterling. San Francisco: A. M. Robertson.

Pagan Sonnets. By John Myers O'Hara. Portland, Maine: Smith & Sale.

Poems. By Herbert Müller Hopkins. Boston: Richard G. Badger.

Soldiers of the Light. By Helen Gray Cone. Boston: Richard G. Badger.

By the Sea, and Other Poems. By Anne Cleveland Cheney. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.

Mr. Slater's little sheaf of verses is made up of classical gleanings, and shows us once more how sure are the foundations of good taste and poetical feeling that are built upon the rock of Greek and Roman literature. Working with such a basis, it becomes almost impossible for a poet to achieve banality or dulness.

The "Poems and Ballads" of Mr. Henry De Vere Stacpoole are songs of England, France, and Greece, of the seasons, of dreamland, and of childhood. Some are spirited, as "Cavaliers, O Cavaliers!"

"Ye had faults, but, God, how fine
Were ye in those troublous years!
Loved ye women, dice, and wine,
But in battle how divine
Stood ye forth, O Cavaliers!

"We have men and we have swords,
And a name the whole world fears,
Yet by futile men of words
Driven are we like the herds,
Twisted like the vane that veers.

"Wake in us, O Spirits grand,
For our turning-point now nears,
By the strength of England's hand
She shall fall or she shall stand
Queenly in the unborn years.

"One for King and Country, all,
Heedless though the whole world hears,
Sound the bugle, at the call
Help us so we hold the wall!
Cavaliers, O Cavaliers!"

Some are prettily fanciful, as "Toy Town":

"All April-green 'neath April skies
Beyond the land of Spring it lies;
Beyond the hills and far away,
A vanished country quaint and gay.

"Sometimes in Spring, when south winds blow,
And o'er the blue the white clouds go,
Nodding in dreams I hear from there
Faint sounds as of a distant fair;
The tap of drums, toy trumpets blown,
The hubbub of a fairy town,—

"A town the strange metropolis
Of folk whose curious faith was this:
A firm belief in Noah's Ark
By day, and goblins after dark."

And some are finely imaginative, as the "Hymn to Selene."

"She hath watered her steeds at the mystic wells
Where the spirit of sleep in the lotus dwells,
Pallid and fair o'er the twilit tides
O'er the asphodels
And the night she glides

"Above her lieth the steep dark, free
Swept by the winds of infinity;
The spume of her steeds as a pale fire spills
O'er the slumbrous sea,
O'er the silent hills.

"Night behind on the dark sea's brink
Watcheth her coursers pale and sink,
Before her day like a dappled fawn
Steals to drink
At the pools of dawn.

"Hail! O maiden who casteth thy light
O'er the dark fields and the valleys of night,
O'er the wan cities, the woodlands fair;
Earthly delight
— And the world's despair."

"Suffering has long been acknowledged as an indispensable factor in the building up of souls; the place of love and happiness is less secure. It is at least possible that there are stunted souls who cannot converse fully with the Divine Father till they have had ampler draughts from the breasts of natural joy. Aquinas speaks of two kinds of joy: joy in God and joy in His works. The writer has not ventured to do more than trouble the curtain that hides the power, and the joys of the Porch of Paradise are chiefly of the latter, or joys such as we haltingly pursue upon this present earth." Thus Miss Anna Bunston discourses, in explanation of her narrative poem in blank verse which she calls "The Porch of Paradise." It is a poem of mysticism, describing a pilgrimage through some imaginary world — a shadowy world, yet deeply affected by the emotions of humankind — under the guidance of St. Thomas Aquinas. A passage taken almost anywhere will illustrate its quality, for the poem is of remarkably even excellence. These are almost the closing lines of the work:

"We ceased, for Heaven's tender melodies,
The sum of every welcoming since life
Began, God's heart made audible, swelled out
Upon our ears. Beside us all the dusk
Was troubled as with flight of homing birds,
And lo! our best and loveliest, the sons
Of God too kingly to be hid, were sped
Toward the haven of their hearts' desire
And ours. They were our vanguard, they the hands
To grasp the shore which soon the feet should tread,—
The outer petals of the living rose
Red with the wine of Christ; that rose of which
The flower of Sharon was the archetype.
And we, who shared one sap, one dew, with them,
And with the folded leaflet, of the church
On earth were not cast down because some leaves
Leant over-ripe and revolute, but stood,—
Our thankful *Nunc Dimittis* said, to hear
The firmamental praise, the singing stars,
The voice of many waters and the sound
Of harps, the song of first fruits unto God,
The clash of cymbals and the cry of strings,
The six-winged seers Trisagion, the hymns
Of all the elders with the rhythmic beat
Of angels' wings like forest leaves in June."

Miss Nina Salaman's "The Voices of the Rivers" is a volume of little lyrics, now grave and now tender, of which this "Song of a Night" may be given as an example:

"Thank God for stars, thank God for night at last,
Such night with stars to give the darkness eyes.
O could the soul find voice in any wise
While every night was blind before the blast?

"When every night was mad with tempest cries,
When heaven's face was utterly withdrawn,
And night seemed dark beyond all power of dawn,
Could soul cast song against the deafened skies?

"Thank God for stars again, and watch the morn:
What shall the day be, born of such a night?
Flushing of skies and glow of gradual light;—
Heart, save thy singing till the day is born."

A deeply religious note is sounded in most of these simple and sincere songs.

In his stately and beautiful poem, "The New Hesperides," written for the Society of Phi Beta Kappa, Mr. Joel Elias Spingarn bids us live once more in the dream which inspired the early seekers after a new world, and shaped itself in fact with the expedition of Columbus. The myth of Atlantis and the legendary voyages of St. Malo and St. Brandan are woven with the narratives of a more authentic history into a tapestry of quest and achievement that is fair to look upon. And all these elements are merged into a prophetic vision of that new world of the spirit which the future may disclose in this western hemisphere.

"O country that Columbus sought in vain,
And seeking thee De Leon found no peace,
For us they left the dream to reap, and gain
A fairer Golden Fleece;
For us they left the unascended heights,
And in our lives to light the eternal fires,
Like pinnacled stars of unimagined nights;
For us they left these more than Fortunate Isles,
Found in the highest heaven of our desires,
And guarded round with nature's sweetest smiles; —
Oh, dearest land, that deep in Lincoln's heart,
In Franklin's brain, and in the righteous sword
Of Washington, hast reared thine eagle's nest,
And in their fame they greater glory stored,
Kindling the light that never can depart, —
In that high citadel within the mind,
Whose masonry outlasts the baser hand,
They built a realm we daily hope to find.

. . . . . .

"Oh, who can tell the harvest we shall reap,
Who sow as seeds the truths that never sleep,
Daring the future? Not for us to solve
The unreasoning reason of superfluous woe,
Death, and the mystery of our sins and hates,
That hold the heart of starry faith aglow;
But Time to conquer, and unequal fates
To equalize in their supreme resolve,
Thro' the slow changes of unchanging time:
All the great nations shaped themselves for this,
All the great battles fought for this one cry,
All the great heroes died for this one bliss; —
O lovely Eden, panting in the sway
That freedom gives, grow mightier with its powers,
And prove thy heroes did not die in vain,
In the mere turmoil of insurgent hours;
For now at last the world is man's to gain,
And all our hopes foresee that happier day
When man with God shall in one godhead reign."

Besides this titular poem, Mr. Spingarn's volume gives us a group of exquisite minor pieces, and a lovely "Prothalamion" from which we may make one brief quotation:

"Not here within the bridal clasp of hands,
But in the Eden of your highest hope,
The perfect future stands;
You do foretoken that diviner day
We eat our hearts in praying for, and grope

Thro' shadows on the never-ending way;
The goal is far, but earth and heaven the prize;
And yield to every hope your nuptials rouse;
For echoing Sinai, Nazareth is wise,
And all the heartache of the grinding years
Is buried in your deathless marriage vows."

Mr. Spingarn is a welcome accession to the choir of our younger singers; he has the sense of beauty, conjoined with the gift of refined and subtle expression. His phrases and cadences are carefully considered, for he is not a fluent poet, but he rarely fails to strike a high note with pure intonation.

A striking illustration of the poetry that may be found in prosaic subjects is afforded by Mr. George Sterling's verses on "The Apothecary's," with the "red and emerald beacons" that attract the passer-by.

"Venoms of vision, myrrh of splendid swoons,
They wait us past the green and scarlet moons.
Here prisoned rest the tender hands of Peace,
And there an angel at whose bidding cease
The clamors of the tortured sense, the strife
Of nerves confounded in the war of life.
Within this vial pallid Sleep is caught,
In that, the sleep eternal. Here are sought
Such webs as in their agonizing mesh
Draw back from doom the half-reluctant flesh.
There beck the traitor joys to him who buys,
And Death sits panoplied in gorgeous guise."

Mr. Sterling's sonnets are singularly fine, and may be illustrated by "The Huntress of Stars."

"Tell me, O Night! What horses hale the moon!
Those of the sun now rear on Syria's day,
But here the steeds of Artemis delay
At heavenly rivers hidden from the noon,
Or quench their starry thirst at cisterns hewn
In midnight's deepest sapphire, ere she slay
The Bull, and hide the Pleiades' dismay,
Or drown Orion in a silver swoon.

. . . . . .

Are those the stars, and not their furious eyes,
That now before her coming chariot glare?
Is that their nebulous, phantasmal breath —
Trailed like a mist upon the winter skies,
Or vapors from a Titan's pyre of death —
Far-wafted on the orbit of Altair?"

"What names the stars have!" William Vaughn Moody once said to us, upon a chance mention of Antares. Mr. Sterling has a clear sense of the poetical value of star-names, as many of his pieces show. He has been daring enough to write an additional chapter for the Book of Job, and these are its closing verses:

"Who setteth Capella and Achernar to be gods for a term,
and a guide upon the deep to strange peoples;
Who maketh Altair and Rigel the captains of His host;
Who leaneth His spear upon Sirius ere the trumpets call;
Who holdeth Vega His armor-bearer, and hangeth His
buckler upon Aldebaran;
Who hath convoked their chariots against the lamps of
Evil, and their swords against the abyss.
Who healeth the day with night, and thy heart's wound
with the hands of little children;
Even they that seek the breast in darkness, hushing the
voices that were aforetime.
The wind cometh, the dust is troubled for a season, but
hath rest when the wind departeth."

"The House of Orchids and Other Poems" is the title of the noteworthy volume from which the above quotations have been taken.

There are forty-two of Mr. John Myers O'Hara's "Pagan Sonnets," prefaced by a confession of pagan faith (with several misprints) quoted from Gautier. "Valor" is the sonnet which has given us the greatest pleasure.

"Not now, my soul, must thou turn craven thing,
And cede thy conquered lands as death's domain!
Are life's grim fields of battle void of gain
And the old reckless ardor wavering?
No fear to thee should any menace bring;
The world's grey lies fell foiled from thy disdain,
Its blades of hate have met thy steel in vain;
An epinikion is thine to sing!
What! like a boy to blanch with battle fear
Nor chafe the hours that lag before the fray?
I scorn the thought as Spartan would the sin.
My blood mounts bold as creeps the conflict near,
And lone upon that last Thermopylæ,
I wait the combat none may hope to win."

These sonnets are boldly chiselled, and rich in verbal beauties. They exhibit also, we regret to say, occasional verbal infelicities, and there is at times a straining for effect that jars their harmony. But they are fairly deserving of the author of the Gappho paraphrase, as well as of the luxurious form in which they are printed.

The late Herbert Müller Hopkins was a college professor, and the author of two or three readable novels. He also wrote verses for various magazines, and these have now been collected by his widow into a book. They are pleasing verses, embodying trim sentiments tastefully expressed, the work of a scholarly and cultivated mind. The following is a typical example:

"I stood in dreams beside the gate,
Where'er that gate may be,
Where souls released from earth's estate
Pass on eternally
From out this whirl of strife and hate
On death's untroubled sea.

"From battle-field and flood, and fire,
And lingering beds of pain,
Purged of importunate desire,
And white without a stain,
I saw them pass, an endless choir,
Hymning a glad refrain.

"The aged man, his youth renewed,
The child with wondering eyes,
The youth with flaming hopes endued,
Seeking a high emprise
Winging on happy certitude
The pathway of the skies."

In lighter mood, the author celebrates the virtues of man's chief solace:

"Had Horace known tobacco's pleasure
He never would have wasted measure
And wealth of epithet divine,
On Lydian maid and Massic wine,
For smoking brings us twice the gladness,
Without the headache or the madness.

"When Thaliarchus brought the cup,
And Horace heaped the driftwood up,
When all without was night and snow,
And all within was cheerful glow,
Their happiness, though great indeed,
Still lacked the comfort of the weed."

Mr. Hopkins also made acceptable bits of translation from the classics, including the "Pervigilium Veneris."

A long hexameter poem on "The Third Day at Gettysburg" stands in the forefront of Miss Helen Gray Cone's "Soldiers of the Light." It is followed by a poem for the Lincoln Centenary, from which we quote one section:

"Last, all his duty done, —
All the dark bondmen freed,
The long-sought leader found, the piteous victory won,—
Arrived for him one hour of April sun
Wherein he breathed free as the forest again,
In glad goodwill to men
Nursing some vast forgiveness in his mind.
Then — all turned blank and blind.
Dare we remember the tragic lilac-time
Crimsoned with that mad crime?
Nay, hush! Ye have heard how sacrifice must close
The supreme service; 't is the way God chose."

Another memorial poem is the "Death-Tryst" piece in *terza rima* upon the passing of Tennyson.

"One slept a sacred sleep, while golden lay
Autumnal moonlight glorious on his bed, —
Sleep ebbing deathward like a sea-drawn bay.

"A Book was in his hand, whence late he read
Majestic words of that great Spirit that still
Doth haunt by Avon April-garlanded.

"So sleeping, held he fast with fixèd will
His Master's Book; and all the night was peace,
Bright peace on lawn and terrace, dale and hill.

"Calm consummation, and most sweet surcease!
That tryst of sovereign powers Death would not wrong,
Shattering the bars with all-too-rough release,
But softly dealt. — They rule in splendor long,
Large lights, a moon and sun in England's heaven of song."

The following beautiful sonnet on "The Common Street" must be added to our examples:

"The common street climbed up against the sky,
Gray meeting gray; and wearily to and fro
I saw the patient, common people go,
Each with his sordid burden trudging by.
And the rain dropped; there was not any sigh
Or stir of a live wind; dull, dull and slow
All motion; as a tale told long ago
The faded world; and creeping night drew nigh.

"Then burst the sunset, flooding far and fleet,
Leavening the whole of life with magic leaven.
Suddenly down the long wet gliistening hill
Pure splendor poured — and lo! the common street,
A golden highway into golden heaven,
With the dark shapes of men ascending still."

Miss Cone is too true a poet to have remained so long voiceless, and we welcome this new volume taking us by surprise after these many years of silence.

The delicate fancy of Miss Anne Cleveland Cheney's poems may be appropriately illustrated by "The Mist":

"I fall, — I fold
The hill, the wold,
In closely clinging, cool embraces;
I bathe the lifted flower-faces,
I spread the lawn with fairy laces
And show all Nature filmy-stoled.

"I form, — I float,
A wraith-like boat
Among the mere-side's long, lush grasses;
In torn and fringy-fluttering masses,
I glide adown the birchen passes —
A gray old Lear in tattered coat.

"I wind, — I wreathe
A lattice, — breathe
Between its bars — presage the morning, —
Stir Beauty with a fine, faint warning, —
Leave pearls, her mignonette adorning, —
Then steal down vines to the beds beneath.

"I creep, — I crawl
By lichened wall,
And through a mournful iron grating,
To where the Dead lie stilly waiting;
As one that is blind, each graven slating
I trace for the name where my tears shall fall."

Miss Cheney's volume is entitled "By the Sea, and Other Poems," and is a product of the New England coast. The following blank verse lines may be taken to show the influence of nature upon the imaginative mind:

"There is an Attic radiance in the air;
So chaste and keen, it cuts the day as clear
As some Greek marble, on the fancy's mood —
A gleaming beauty and a curving grace, —
And glint of sandaled footsteps on the strand,
While cloud-groups yonder seem to rise and shine,
Like Doric ruins from the rippling blue;
And by the thrilling fragrance everywhere,
I know 'tis Pæstum yonder, and the breath
Her peerless roses, yielding up their hearts
In the sea-god's temple, and my happy soul,
A censer lifted for the worshiping sweet."

WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

Woman's beauty as religious cult.

Not long ago, in noticing a book on the influence of women on the poets, we pointed out that much might be done to clear up the whole question of woman's influence in literature. There is now a prospect of this being accomplished. Professor J. B. Fletcher has gathered together several essays on platonic love, under the title of the first one, "The Religion of Beauty in Woman" (Macmillan); and he states in his preface that they are "chapters of a possible literary history of Woman." Platonic love is perhaps one of the most curious and interesting of the numerous spheres of influence that have brought woman into the field of literature. It became a cult in the Italian Renaissance, but its origins go back to Plato on the one hand and to Dante and Plotinus on the other. From being a religion in Dante and the great souls of the Renaissance, such as Castiglione and Michelangelo, with their sensuous and spiritual love of beauty, it degenerated into the institution of the *cicesbeo* in Italy, the Hôtel Rambouillet in France, and the "new religion in love" at the Court of Charles I. Dante's love for Beatrice was a variety of religious experience. She was the mouthpiece of God, and the means of salvation; the goal of Dante's spiritual journey is spontaneous self-surrender and perfect self-renunciation. Love is a self-effacing homage. It is a far cry from this, or from Castiglione's power in ourselves that makes for righteousness, to the platonic love of the Stuart court, which was for the most part masked profligacy; but the former will explain the "Astrophel to Stella" sonnets of Sidney. Professor Fletcher shows that they are the expression of the devotion of the "servant" to his mistress. They do not celebrate a vulgar *liaison*, nor are they an exercise in imitation of a prevailing mode. Stella is the "star of love, seen first as woman, then as God," who leads the lover to overcome the baleful power of Desire, and to "rise above even purified love of mortal beauty to the love of the divine 'elements' themselves of beauty in God." Such an interpretation should set at rest Mr. Lee's jealousy for Sidney's reputation, and show M. Jusserand that a poet may write very eloquently of love without a genuine passion being the basis of his fervent poetry.

Mr. Benson on Ruskin.

Of distinct interest to all of Ruskin's admirers, and perhaps of more value even than a new biography, is Mr. A. C. Benson's "Ruskin, a Study in Personality" (Putnam), the seven chapters of which were delivered as lectures at Magdalen College, Cambridge, in 1910. They are not changed in form or style, and their author claims for his work only the merit of a sketch, not that of a finished portrait. The book, however, is more than a sketch; it is, indeed, a study in personality, keen and clear in its accounting of Ruskin as a man, as a vital force in England's life, the spirit of the man weighing infinitely more in the scale of values than the dogma or criticism for which he was responsible. It is Mr. Benson's idea that Ruskin's peculiar temperament was due to his Lowland Scotch descent (he was three-fourths Lowland Scotch); and certain it is that the strenuous Biblical training of his youth, which had such influence upon his character and his style, was a direct consequence of this descent. The important point in our comprehension of Ruskin is that we should recognize that he was preëminently a moralist. He was not a critic of art in any strict sense, nor a poet in a freer sense, expressing himself in prose, but a moralist philosophizing on art, dealing with the ethics of art, always in search of moral ideas. Toward Ruskin and his teaching, Mr. Benson's attitude is that of reverent discipleship; but he is not the less sensitive to his master's limitations Ruskin is "a great guide but an unsafe ruler." "Art has now learned that Ruskin was right [in 'Modern Painters'], but not exclusively right.' On the other side, of course, the author is intensely sympathetic with Ruskin's ideals, and impressively eloquent in his appreciation of the virtue and value of Ruskin's work. The author of "The Upton Letters" has now a wide circle of responsive readers who will welcome this volume — not so much because it deals with Ruskin as because it is Mr Benson's latest work. There is much to please and stimulate the reader in this little book. What, for instance, does Mr. Benson himself think about Art He tells us here; he even hazards what, in its way might serve for a definition: "Art," he says, "is nothing but the love of beauty finding utterance.

And *dicta* of this nature are abundant in these well-filled pages. Mr. Benson's delightful manner of expression hardly needs description. His quiet, incisive style, so temperate yet so confident, *comforts* (as a New Testament writer would say) the reader. It is not the occasional passages of graceful eloquence, but the easy attitude of dignity and self-command, the quiet tone, the friendly flow of frankness, that give his style its distinctive charm.

In the capital of Tamerlane.

The latest account of Russian Turkestan comes from the pen of Mr. William Eleroy Curtis, and, as might be expected, the keen observations of this trained and travelled journalist make the book, "Turkestan, the Heart of Asia" (George H. Doran Co.), a most readable volume. A wonderful wealth of history and romance is associated with Merv and Khiva, Bokhara and Samarkand, and Mr. Curtis gives a striking account of the wretched state of the survivors of former greatness. "All the imposing structures that once gave Samarkand its reputation as the finest city in Asia have either disappeared or are in an advanced stage of decay and dilapidation. They have been almost entirely stripped of the adornments that made them famous, and the earthquakes that occur every few years diminish the number of turquoise and azure domes and the dimensions of the enamelled walls, and increase the heaps of *débris* which now cover the ground." No less interesting will be the account of the rapid development of Turkestan since the Russian occupation. Cotton-growing is the great industry there at present. Half the Russian consumption comes from Turkestan, and in time she hopes to be free from all dependence on the United States, although American seed and machinery have been used in the development of the industry. It is a bit surprising to learn that in the capital of Tamerlane "men go about the streets on those nuisances called motorcycles. There are two or three garages with wide-open doors, and the *toot-toot-toot* of the automobiles makes you jump every now and then while you are crossing the street." Much of the book is, of course, devoted to ancient Turkestan, to Tamerlane and his times; but its real value lies in the account of present conditions along the line of Mr. Curtis's travels. The excellent illustrations are from photographs by Mr. John T. McCutcheon.

Latin and Greek in American education.

It is a noteworthy fact that a powerful defense of Latin and Greek should come from one of our great State universities of the middle West. We refer to the volume of "Humanistic Papers" coming from the Macmillan press among the publications of the University of Michigan, and bearing the special title of "Latin and Greek in American Education." The idea of these papers was conceived by Professor Francis W. Kelsey, in connection with the Classical Conferences held under his leadership for a good many years past as a part of the programme of the Michigan Schoolmasters' Club. The body of the volume consists of seven symposia, dealing respectively with the relation of classical studies to medicine, engineering, the law, theology, practical affairs, the new education, and formal discipline. These symposia, presented at various Classical Conferences, are preceded in the volume by three chapters from the pen of Professor Kelsey himself, and one from Professor R. M. Wenley, who from the chair of Philosophy has always extended the most hearty support to his classical colleagues in the faculty at Ann Arbor. The symposia themselves have been previously published, partly in "The School Review" and the remainder in "The Educational Review." Two of them — those dealing with the benefit of classical studies to students of medicine and engineering — have had the honor of publication in Germany, in a translation by Professor von Arnim, of the University of Vienna. It is to be hoped that in this more permanent form, with the added attraction of the excellent introductory chapters by Professors Kelsey and Wenley, they will receive renewed attention and do their appropriate share in fostering sounder ideas of culture than are generally prevalent in American education of the "up to date" variety.

A compendium of literary experience.

Henceforth, no more talk of "struggling authors"; or, at least, if the phrase does not vanish from our speech it will not be for lack of an exhaustive setting forth of the conditions of successful writing. The three hundred and sixty pages of Colles and Cresswell's "Success in Literature" (Duffield) are so comprehensive in scope and so replete with sane and measured utterance that the reader marvels at the way in which a compilation is made to give the impression of perfect familiarity on the part of its writers with every form of literary effort. Poetry, to be sure, is not included in their instruction, presumably for the reason that they realize the audacity of attempting to penetrate the mysteries of the thankless Muse; but every form of prose literature (or perhaps it would be better to say writing, for the tendency of the book is slightly toward considering the business, rather than the art, of writing) is so learnedly and lucidly and wisely discussed, and the work so abounds in counsel derived directly from the pens of authors in all tongues, ancient and modern, and indirectly from the record of their successes and failures, that it might well be called a compendium of literary experience. Every aspirant to literary success will find recorded in its pages many of his own thoughts and experiences. He will also find himself regaled with plenty of advice, which seems to have been framed expressly for himself . . . so much, indeed, that if he attempts to follow it all, or any considerable part of it, he will be impelled to the conclusion — to borrow a clause from the book itself — that "his natural abilities are in danger of being paralyzed by a plethora of salutary admonitions."

Victims of the wanderlust.

Eleven years ago Mrs. Alice Willard Solenberger (then Miss Willard) was placed in charge of the Central District of the Chicago Bureau of Charities, and there she made a careful study of the homeless men who in large numbers applied to her for aid. Her investigations are now published under the auspices of the Russell Sage Foundation in a handy volume entitled "One Thousand Homeless Men" (Charities Publication Committee, New York). Mrs. Solenberger's death last December made necessary an explanatory preface to her work from another hand; and this is written by Mr. Francis H. McLean, who tells us, among other things, that "she believed that the personality-by-personality method of the charity organization movement had been too little used with homeless men and boys, and that until we employ this method with them, neither our theories regarding vagrancy nor our efforts to reduce it will be based upon a solid foundation of knowledge." In the body of the book we have a most careful analysis of the records of one thousand homeless men, indicating as far as possible the causes of this homelessness, the characteristics of the men, their individual treatment, their environment, and the social remedies to be applied. Appended matter gives further details, tabulated statistics, and some photogravure illustrations of lodging-house interiors. It is noteworthy how many of Mrs. Solenberger's vagrants were first made such by the unquenchable *wanderlust* that seizes upon nearly all of us at some time in our lives. The romantic youngster chases the rainbow, and ere long finds himself in a municipal lodging-house. The novelist and story-writer, as well as the charity-worker, can find much valuable raw material in Mrs. Solenberger's book.

BRIEFER MENTION.

Mr. Jethro Bithell is an exceptionally good translator of poetry — a fact to which we have called attention in mentioning his volume of selections from the Minnesingers. He now gives us (Scott) a volume of translations from "Contemporary Belgian Poetry," in which we have examples from a score of poets whose very names, excepting those of Maeterlinck and Verhaeren, are almost unknown to English readers. His poets are Flemings and Walloons in about equal numbers, but they all write in French.

Messrs. Henry Holt & Co. publish, in pretty gift form, a volume of "Letters that Live," edited by Misses Laura E. Lockwood and Amy R. Kelly. They also send us, in their series of "English Readings," a volume called "Specimens of Letter-Writing," which turns out to be the same book as the other, except that in this second form it has notes for the student and an introduction of a more specifically educational character. The selection runs from the Pastors to "Lewis Carroll," and fifteen Americans are represented.

The revised edition of "The Century Atlas," which will be issued with the revised "Century Dictionary and Cyclopedia" in October, well illustrates the rapidity with which changes are taking place on the surface of the earth. In order to bring the atlas down to the present time, it has been necessary to make new maps of Western Canada, the South Polar regions, Oklahoma, Alaska, Panama, and the North Pole. Maps of the North Central and North Eastern parts of the United States will show the main inter-urban trolley lines.

Beginning with the age of Chaucer and Lydgate, the University of Cambridge has produced or inspired a great quantity of verse. The names related with it include many of the most famous in English poetry, among them being Spenser, Herbert, Milton, Gray, Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Tennyson. Consequently the new "Book of Cambridge Verse" (Macmillan), which Mr. E. E. Kellett has edited, has no lack of material from which to select. The volume is a thick one, illustrated with portraits. The fresher part of its contents will be found in the later pages, which give many welcome examples of the diversions in verse of the dons of recent years. We have been particularly taken by Dr. Skeats's parody of Chaucer in the ingenious lines to "Dr. Furnivall and the Oxford Dictionary" (from M. S. Harl. 7334, fol. 999, back).

NOTES.

The Century Co. will issue this Fall a revised and enlarged edition of Mr. John Muir's "Mountains of California," with a complete new index and many illustrations.

Three essays by Mr. G. Lowes Dickinson, which have been used as lectures and as contributions to periodicals, are brought together into a small volume called, "Religion and Immortality," now published by the Houghton Mifflin Co.

Messrs. Henry Holt & Co. announce that the English translation of the three volumes of Romain Rolland's "Jean Christophe" which deal with the musician's life in Paris will be published before the end of November. The title of the translation, which is by Mr. Gilbert Cannan, will be "Jean Christophe in Paris."

The Academy of Pacific Coast History has just published, through the University of California, a text and translation of the "Diary of Pedro Fages" which describes an expedition from Monterey to San Francisco Bay made by Lieutenant Fages in 1770. The diary is edited and prefaced with an introduction by Professor H. E. Bolton.

The building of good roads should begin at school, in the opinion of Captain S. W. Ravenal, C.E., whose "Road Primer for School Children" will be published immediately by A. C. McClurg & Co. The book is intended for rural schools, and gives much useful and interesting information about the building and maintenance of country roads.

Within three months of publication, Mr. Henry Snydor Harrison's novel "Queed" (reviewed in THE DIAL of July 16) has reached the fifty thousand mark. A feature of the book's success is the cordial reception given it by the English critics. The conservative London "Spectator" gives it almost a full-page review, and recommends it as a "first aid to misanthropes."

Messrs. Harper & Brothers have undertaken the publication of a complete "Library Edition" of the works of William Dean Howells, to be issued six volumes at a time. The first six, just issued, are, "A Hazard of

New Fortunes," "The Landlord at Lion's Head," "Literary Friends and Acquaintances," "My Literary Passions," "Literature and Life," and "Certain Delightful English Towns." Mr. Howells writes a preface for each volume, in which he tells, in his entertaining personal way, the circumstances in which the book was written.

As Shakespeare wrote a number of plays in addition to "The Merchant of Venice," there seems to be no reason why that play especially should be read by the children in our public schools. Jewish citizens have protested against the use of "The Merchant of Venice" on the ground that it is directly calculated to promote race prejudice among those whose ages render such prejudices easily caught and hardly eradicated. The public schools, they claim, are the last places where anything making for such an attitude should be permitted.

"The World To-Day," Chicago's principal monthly magazine, has been acquired by what is called the "Hearst group" of periodicals, and will be published hereafter in New York by the interests that control also "The Cosmopolitan," "Good Housekeeping," and one or two other periodicals. "The World To-Day" has been established about eight years, and has been conducted editorially with skill and success by Dr. Shailer Matthews. It is the most considerable magazine Chicago has had since "The Lakeside Monthly," forty years ago; and we regret to see its transfer and removal.

The Trustees of Lake Forest University announce the second decennial competition for the Bross Prize of six thousand dollars for a treatise "On the connection of any practical science, or the history of our race, or the facts in any department of knowledge, with the Christian Religion." The behest was made by the late William Bross, lieutenant-governor of Illinois in 1866–70, as a memorial to his son Nathaniel Bross. By its terms, the Christianity treated of by the competitors must be what is known as the evangelical type. The last winner of the prize was Professor James Orr, D.D., of the University of Glasgow, who wrote on "The Problem of the Old Testament."

Poetry lovers will be especially interested in the announcement of a new anthology of English poetry, which is to be among the Fall publications of Messrs. Henry Holt & Co. It is to be the fullest and most comprehensive of any single-volume collection now available, and will represent nearly 1100 poets with something like 3500 poems. The representation of American poets will be very liberal. By the use of India paper, the volume, although containing about 3000 pages, is expected to be kept within the limits of convenient size and weight. The editorial work is from the competent hands of Mr. Burton E. Stevenson, the librarian of the Public Library at Chillicothe, Ohio.

The name of Elizabeth Akers Allen, perhaps better known as "Florence Percy," will mean but little to the present generation, but older readers will regret to hear of the death of this estimable and talented woman, which occurred at her home on the Hudson, near West Point, August 7, in her eightieth year. She was a native of Maine, and began writing at an early age, and continued until a few years of her death. Her best-known poem is probably "Rock Me to Sleep, Mother," although others of her pieces were doubtless superior in literary quality. Mrs. Allen was a contributor to "The Atlantic Monthly," and was the author of a number of books, among which are "Forest Buds from the Woods of Maine," 1855; Poems, 1866–8–9; "Two Saints," 1888; "The High-Top Sweeting," 1891; "The Proud Lady of Stavoren," 1897; "The Ballad of the Bronx," 1901; "The Sunset Song," 1903. Mrs. Allen's family name was Chase. Her first husband was Paul Akers, the sculptor.

List of New Books.

[*The following list, containing 45 titles, includes books received by* The Dial *since its last issue.*]

BIOGRAPHY AND REMINISCENCES.

Some Family Letters of W. M. Thackeray, together with Recollections by his Kinswoman, Blanche Warre Cornish. With frontispiece. Boards, 8vo, 78 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. $4. net.

A Buckeye Boyhood. By William Henry Venable. 12mo, 190 pages. The Robert Clarke Co. $1.25 net.

Frédéric Chopin: A Biographical Sketch and Study of His Work. By Franz Liszt. Translated from the French by Martha Walker Cook. 12mo, 202 pages. The Oliver Ditson Co.

HISTORY.

The Customs of Old England. By F. J. Snell. Illustrated. 12mo, 312 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Medieval Europe. By H. W. C. Davis, M.A. 16mo, 256 pages. (The Home University Library). Henry Holt & Co. 75c. net.

Stories from the Old French Chronicles: Retold in Modern English. By Robert D. Benedict. 12mo, 143 pages. Richard G. Badger.

FICTION.

Nobody's. By Virginia Demarest. With frontispiece. 12mo, 337 pages. Harper & Brothers. $1.20 net.

Such a Woman. By Owen and Leita Kildare. Illustrated. 12mo, 316 pages. G. W. Dillingham Co. $1.35 net.

The Winning of Barbara Worth. By Harold Bell Wright. Illustrated by F. Graham Cootes. 12mo, 511 pages. The Book Supply Co. $1.30 net.

Vivian of Mackinac. By William C. Lavere. Illustrated. 12mo, 299 pages. Forbes & Co. $1.20 net.

Dividing Waters. By I. A. R. Wylie. 12mo, 394 pages. The Bobbs-Merrill Co. $1.20 net.

Stories that End Well. By Octave Thanet. 12mo, 341 pages. The Bobbs-Merrill Co. $1.25 net.

The Way of the Gods in Japan. By Hope Huntly. Illustrated. 12mo, 339 pages. Richard G. Badger. $1.50 net.

A Wild Rose. By Clara Violet Fleharty. With frontispiece. 12mo, 282 pages. Richard G. Badger. $1.25 net.

Resurrection. By Lyof N. Tolstoy. Translated by Aline P. Delano. New edition. Illustrated. 8vo, 475 pages. T. Y. Crowell & Co. $1.50.

Westward Ho! By Charles Kingsley. Illustrated. New edition. 8vo, 696 pages. T. Y. Crowell & Co. $1.50.

DRAMA AND VERSE.

The Dream of Alfred: An Epic of the Navy. By Wallace Bertram Nichols. 16mo, 93 pages. London: David Nutt. Two shillings net.

Egyptian Melodies and Other Poems. By Alfred J. Hough. 12mo, 90 pages. Richard G. Badger.

In Sonnet Wise. By Fred Raphael Allen. 12mo, 109 pages. Richard G. Badger.

Osirus and Other Poems. By Joseph J. Coughlin. 12mo, 162 pages. Richard G. Badger.

Poems. By C. E. d'Arnoux. 12mo, 62 pages. The Poet Lore Co.

A Rape of Hallowe'en. By Henry Percival Spencer. 12mo. 107 pages. Richard G. Badger.

Schoolroom Echoes. Book Two. By Mary C. Burke. With frontispiece. 12mo, 224 pages. Richard G. Badger.

The Madonna and the Christ Child: Legends and Lyrics. By Gertrude E. Heath. Illustrated. 12mo, 42 pages. Richard G. Badger.

RELIGION.

St. Paul's Friendships and His Friends. By Carl Hermon Dudley. 12mo, 287 pages. Richard G. Badger.

Day Unto Day. By Louis Howland. Small 12mo, 286 pages. The Bobbs-Merrill Co. $1. net.

SCIENCE.

Evolution. By J. Arthur Thomson and Patrick Geddes. 16mo, 256 pages. (The Home University Library.) Henry Holt & Co. 75 cts. net.

The Animal World. By F. W. Gamble, F.R.S. Illustrated. 16mo, 256 pages. (The Home University Library.) Henry Holt & Co. 75 cts. net.

An Introduction to Mathematics. By A. N. Whitehead. With diagrams. 16mo, 256 pages. (The Home University Library.) Henry Holt & Co. 75 cts. net.

The Science of Wealth. By J. A. Hobson, M.A. With diagrams. 16mo, 256 pages. (The Home University Library.) Henry Holt & Co. 75 cts. net.

Life and Death. By A. Dastre; translated by W. J. Greenstreet. 12mo, 368 pages. Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons.

EDUCATION.

The Teaching of Geometry. By David Eugene Smith. Illustrated, 12mo, 339 pages. Ginn & Co. $1.25.

A Latin Primer. By H. C. Nutting, Ph.D. 12mo, 240 pages. American Book Co. 50 cts.

Reading With Expression: First Reader. By James Baldwin and Ida C. Bender. 12mo, 144 pages. American Book Co. 30 cts.

Reading With Expression: Second Reader. By James Baldwin and Ida C. Bender. 12mo, 176 pages. American Book Co. 35 cts.

Selections from the Letters, Speeches, and State Papers of Abraham Lincoln. Edited by Ida M. Tarbell. With frontispiece. 18mo, 151 pages. Ginn & Co. 30 cts.

BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG.

Fairy Tales from Shakespeare. By Fay Adams. Illustrated by Clara Powers Wilson. 12mo, 143 pages. The Reilly & Britton Co.

Babes in Birdland. By Laura Bancroft. Illustrated by Maginel Wright Enright. 8vo, 116 pages. The Reilly & Britton Co. 60 cts.

The Magic Aeroplane. By Mrs. L. R. S. Henderson. Illustrated by Emile A. Nelson. 4to, 96 pages. The Reilly & Britton Co. $1.

Twenty Nursery Rhymes Set to New Tunes (Op. 16). By Edmond Rickett. 20 pages. The Oliver Ditson Co.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Question of Divorce. By Charles Gore, D.D., etc. 12mo, 57 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. 50 cts. net.

Oxford and Poetry in 1911. An Inaugural Lecture by T. Herbert Warren, M.A., etc., Professor of Poetry. Paper, 8vo, 36 pages. One shilling net.

Bibliographical Society of America. Volume Five, Papers, 1910. 8vo, 114 pages. The University of Chicago Press. Postpaid $3.08.

Florence. By Grant Allen. Revised by J. W. and A. M. Cruickshank. Illustrated, 18mo, 318 pages. "Grant Allen's Historical Guide Series." Henry Holt & Co. $1.35 net.

Harmonic Part Writing. By William Alfred White. 8vo, 174 pages. Silver, Burdett & Co.

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